

# The Second Part of the new Scotch-Jigg:

OR,  
JENNY'S Reply, To JOHNNY'S Cravat:

The Case is alter'd now; Jenny Wooes Johnny  
To tye her Kirtle, and shee'l be his Honey;  
Which Johnny took so kindly; sitting by her,  
That for his heart, he could not well deny her,  
At length they did agree, so plain and pat,  
That he her Kirtle ty'd; She his Cravat.

Tune of, Jenny Come tye my, &c.



**A**s Jenny sat under a Sicamore Tree  
She sp'ke her love Johnny come over the Lee;  
O welcome my Johnny! now welcome my dear!  
With my honey, come sit thee down here.  
Johnny come tye my, Johnny come tye my,  
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'll tye it again.

With my Johnny, ne're doubt of my Love;  
For I am constrained by Cupid above,  
To love thee as dear, as the blood in my heart;  
When do not thou fear, that we ever will part.  
Johnny come tye my, Johnny come tye my,  
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'll tie it again.

O Johnny, my honey, thou know'st it is true  
How scornful thou was when I did thee first woo,  
And when I begg'd of thee to ty my Cravat;  
You said, that I wanted a bit for my Cat.  
Johnny come tye my, Johnny come tye my,  
Johnny come tye my Kirtle so gay.  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain,  
Yet if thou wilt love me, I'll tye it again.

My Johnny, I love thee as dear as my Life,  
And could be contented for to be thy Wife,  
Although I was sickle, and seem'd to be Cof;  
Yet now I'll be constant, my Love and my joy.  
Johnny come tye my, Johnny come tye my,  
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Yet if thou wilt love me, I'll tye it again.



**B**ut Jenny, if that I thy Kirtle should tye,  
Come tell me my Dny, and tell me no lye;  
If thou wilt be willing my Love to requite,  
O Johnny I'll please thee by day, and by night.  
Johnny Come tye my, Johnny Come tye my,  
Johnny Come tye my Kirtle so gay,  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
Yet if thou wilt love me, Ile tye it again.

I'll buy for my Love, a Cravat that is new,  
If thou wilt be constant, and ever be true;  
And ty't with a Ribbond of Popinsay green,  
The like in the Parish there shall not be seen.  
Johnny Come tye my, Johnny Come tye my,  
Johnny Come tye my Kirtle so gay,  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
Yet if thou wilt love me, Ile tye it again.

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000, **B**ut Jenny now tell me, if that I consent,  
Shall I never have any cause to repent?  
To gain a bad Bargain, may make me to rue,  
When p'ithee resolve to be faithful and true.  
Johnny Come tye my, Johnny Come tye my,  
Johnny Come tye my Kirtle so gay,  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
Yet if thou wilt love me, Ile tye it again.

As true as the Steel I'me resolved to be;  
And all that I have, is my Johnny, for thee;  
Thou know'st that my Portion I have for to take,  
And how I have kept it so long for thy sake.  
Johnny Come tye my, Johnny Come tye my,  
Johnny Come tye my Kirtle so gay,  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
Yet if thou wilt love me, Ile tye it again.

My Jenny, I sop for to see thee so kind  
To tell thee my Love, it rejoices my mind;  
Thy looks are so Bonny and blith, for to see;  
Of all the brave Lasses, my Johnny for me.  
Johnny Come tye my, Johnny Come tye my,  
Johnny Come tye my Kirtle so gay,  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
Yet if thou wilt love me, Ile tye it again.

O Johnny! I swear by the Face of my Cowen,  
I love thee above the Lads in the Town;  
And for to gang with thee, what ever befall;  
I'll leave both my Daddy, and Mummy, and all.  
Johnny Cometye my, Johnny Come tye my,  
Johnny Come tye my Kirtle so gay,  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
Yet now thou dost love me, Ile tye it again.

My Jenny, I'me willing thy Kirtle to tye,  
Since thou art so loving, I cannot deny;  
And ever hereafter my own thou shalt be;  
When p'ithee my Honey, be loving to me.  
Johnny Come tye my, Johnny Come tye my,  
Johnny Come tye my Kirtle so gay,  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
But since thou dost love me, Ile tye it again.

Now Johnny, since I ken what you would be at,  
I likewise am willing to tye thy Cravat;  
And by this same Kiss, I will ever be true;  
My Johnny shall never have cause for to rue.  
Johnny Come tye my, Johnny Come tye my,  
Johnny Come tye my Kirtle so gay,  
I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;  
But now I will tye it again and again.

A proper new Ballad of a Dream of a Sinner, being very sore troubles  
To the Tune of, Rogers.

Then said our Saviour Christ,  
Look in the book of life,  
If he be entered there,  
Then he must needs be dead,  
His sins are washed away,  
When Satan took the body,  
His soul with me shall rest.  
And there he found my name  
In letters shining in gold.  
Then Satan fought much  
At that same sudden sight,  
And said unto the Lord,  
The Saviours are not right,  
And thus our Saviour answers  
Said to him by and by,  
You Satan know full well,  
That I live in the day,  
Remembering all the words,  
Once observed upon the tree,  
And so will save all such  
As truly trust in me.  
My mortal foe was wrath,  
That he had lost his place,  
Creeping like a serpent,  
And banished quite away,  
But that I thus was willing  
With him that blessed day,  
But of my humbling deep  
Most joyfully awake:  
Still giving unto the Lord,  
That always answers me,  
From Satan be thee free,  
Of the last judgement day,  
What after earthly rest,  
Thee may heavens joys attain  
Here learn to live, to die,  
That he may live again,  
That he may live again,  
God grant him long to reign,  
So live in us and peace,  
The Gospel to maintain.  
Printed by and for A. M. and  
Sold by the Booksellers.



I A humbling deep I lay,  
All night alone in bed,  
A vision being strange  
There came into my head,  
Although the day of doom  
Undoubtedly was come,  
And while himself was come,  
To judge both at my home  
And I felt was sent for there,  
Which sound of trumpet still,  
Which said, all souls come hear,  
Your trumpet sound of ill.  
I sat in mine own house,  
As that same sudden voice,  
Of the Lord's own good will,  
No more I could receive,  
Which painting pictures I saw,  
At that same sudden sight,  
For crying to my self,  
But to Christ's mercies great,  
I was no longer man,  
But Satan came methought,  
Which him I know full large,  
Of all my life he thought,  
And said before the Lord,  
How that I was his own,  
And would have had me then,  
And thus to great waters down,  
A quaking saw with fear,  
And told me what to do,  
But in the blood of Christ  
I trusted, still unto.



The Tune Is.

Some hate too much, yet will they rather  
 E while have, yet less no more,  
 As are but poor, though much they have,  
 And are rich with little more:  
 They poor, a rich, they beg, a give,  
 They lack, a lend, they pine, a rise,  
 My conscience clear, my chest defence,  
 I never seek my bignes to please,  
 Not by better to give offence,  
 Nor thing I like, I thus will use,  
 And all to do as well as I.  
 So princely I am, no wealthie state,  
 No love to get the bignes,  
 So will we so late a rage,  
 No shame to win a lovers eye,  
 No more of these I please as shall,  
 For with my mind begilded all,  
 I am not as an earthly bliss,  
 I weigh not Crassus wealth a trane,  
 For ease, I care not what it is,  
 I fear no fortune fatal flame,  
 For mind as such as mine not move,  
 For honour bright, or love or love,  
 I will not what he will,  
 I wonder not to see no more,  
 I like the plain I climb no hill,  
 In quietness I sit on a shore,  
 And laugh at those that call it vain,  
 As get that mind be lost again.  
 I kiss not what is to kill,  
 I kiss not what is to give I mind have:  
 I hate no deep to win my will,  
 I hate not as the mightiest dare,  
 I scorn no good, I care no rich,  
 I feel no want, nor hate too much,  
 The power not I care, the not love,  
 Extremities are as common to all,  
 The golden mean betwixt them both,  
 Both free, I and I care no fall,  
 My life is as a flower in a field,  
 And wealth is like a winter wind.



*[The page contains dense handwritten text in a cursive script, likely from a manuscript. The text is written in dark ink on aged paper. At the bottom right corner, there is a large, bold initial letter 'W' in red ink.]*